

VOL. XLVII. No. 1206.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 18th, 1900.
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PRICE TEN CENTS.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A FLIRTATION.

BRITANNIA.—I love you so!

PAT.—Begorra, Ma'am, this is very suddint!

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A BRIGHT IDEA.

FERDY.—She says I am dull.
PERCY.—You should crack a few jokes occasionally. Ask her to marry you, or something like that.

EASTER BIRDS.



LACKBIRD and bluebird and wee little wren,
Haste to the bushes, hide away in the fen!
For, women—the long, the short, thin and fat—
Are after your bodies to deck out a hat.

Redbird and robin and chattering jay,
Flee for your lives to the woods far away!
For the women, dear creatures, afraid of a rat,
Will shed blood like a butcher to trim a new hat!

So, thrushes and phoebes and cute chickadee,
Easter is coming! 't is time now to flee!
Martin and oriole, noisy blue cat,
Haste, or your roost will be some woman's hat!

O Eagle! our emblem, fierce-beaked and proud,
Wet your brave pinions in yon soaring cloud
Ere women—the long, the short, thin and fat—
Are abroad with your quills on a new Easter hat!

L. M. S.

HIS GROWL.

MRS. GRUMM (*persuasively*).—My dear, to-morrow is Easter; you will go to church with me, won't you?

MR. GRUMM (*sarlingly*).—Great guns, Theodosia! I went to church with you last Easter; do you want me to be always on the gad?

WON HIS ADMIRATION.

ISAACS.—I haf der greatest respect for Tammany Hall.

COHENSTEIN.—You haf?

ISAACS.—Yes. It is vun of der greatest money-making institutions in dis gountry.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

FIRST CITIZEN (*reading paper*).—Say! this is rough on the Trusts.

SECOND CITIZEN.—What is?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Three of them have been served with Supreme Court orders to show cause why they should not be ostracised.

SYMPATHY.

"I see," said his friend, "that President Steyn has moved his capital to Kroonstad."

"Alas!" said Aguinaldo; "he will find that one may change one's capital without changing one's luck."

TERMS OF PEACE.

"Won't the British Government make any concessions to the Boers?"

"Oh! I suppose they 'll be permitted to retain their Bibles."

THE RECEIVER'S DUTIES.

STRANGER (*in Kentucky*).—And you say that the Bangs and Clickers feud began many years ago, and that last Fall the last of the Clickers was killed by a Bangs? I suppose that ended the horrible affair.

NATIVE.—Oh, no! You see when the last of the Clickers was killed the court appointed a receiver to settle up his business. The receiver was a mighty good shot, and of course he felt it his duty to take up the matter where the Clickers left off. I tell you, matters have been livelier than ever lately.

THE NATIONS of continental Europe are mightily worried lest the fruit of the Spanish-American war prove to be an Anglo-Saxon pair.



PUCKOGRAPHS.—XLVIII.

A GENERAL WITH A VERY BUSY PRESS AGENT.



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EASTER THOUGHTS.

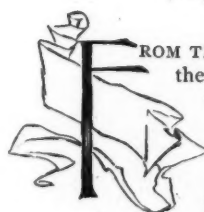
ETHEL.—Mother, when I grow up I am going to sing in the choir.

MOTHER.—You! What makes you wish to sing in the choir?

ETHEL.—Why, just look at what a fine place it is to show your Easter bonnet.

ADVERTISING IN HAYVILLE.

(Fragments gleaned from the Country Press, which reflect in a modest way the activity and life of the community.)



FROM THE *Patriot* (preferred position on the last page, just below the report of the Committee on Fake Medicine). A remedy which is good for everything is good for nothing. "S-ence of N-ergy," does not cure all diseases, but on certain lines—such as freckles, sea-sickness, sprains, indigestion, hay fever, rheumatism, dandruff, coughs and kindred

affections—it is positive and never-failing.

It is composed of newly discovered drugs, whose curative powers have stood the test of fifty years. Send \$1.75 to pay for mailing, packing, etc., and you will receive a trial bottle absolutely free. Enclose a lock of your hair and Old Doctor Hiram will tell you how many bottles you need. The S-ence will keep fleas off of cattle.

From the *Hayville Daily* (below Judge Oldboy's editorial on "Dewey's Probable Descent from Napoleon"). Why work? We know all about Wall Street, and have Russell Sage cornered. We can't lose. Send us your money and we will pay you back some time. Take out half of it for the first month's interest. Get rich quick. Don't hunt us up; we're too busy to talk about it.

From the *World of Thought* (in the issue just

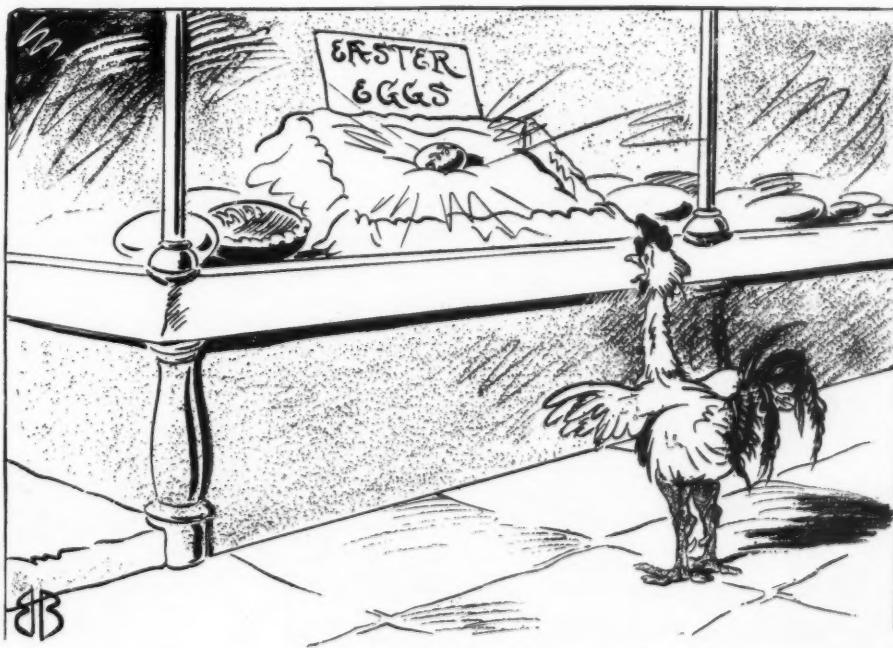
before Dan Peters's little girl wrote that poem). Learn to hypnotize. I am the greatest man living. I see into the future, and know everything. You can fool your friends and make one of yourself; I mean a hypnotist. Fifty cents for particulars and a handsome watch charm. Strictly confidential.

From the *Independent* (town gossip). You can't make your hens lay, but our egg producer can. 17 cents at Charlie's.

If you use my baking powder you would n't have to knead a biscuit; it does all the work. 48 cents at Charlie's.

If your shoes don't fit, try Charlie's.

James E. McIntyre.



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DISAPPOINTED.

THE CHICKEN.—Humph! if it had n't been for that blooming old incubator, I might have been an Easter-egg!

SUSPICIOUS.

THE OPERATOR.—Yes, gentlemen, the phonograph is yet in its infancy.

PUNKINVILLE CITIZEN (listening intently to the instrument).—Then, By Gum! it talks mighty plain fer an infant!

AN EASY ONE.

TEACHER.—Where is the hippopotamus found?

PUPIL (in surprise).—Why, up in de Park, uv course!

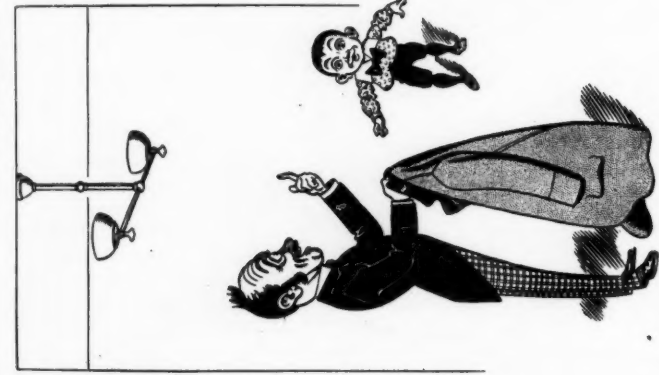
NO MATTER how you economize time you can't avoid spending all you have in one way or another.

THE UNEXPECTED often happens; but we can't always explain, afterward, how anything else could have been expected.

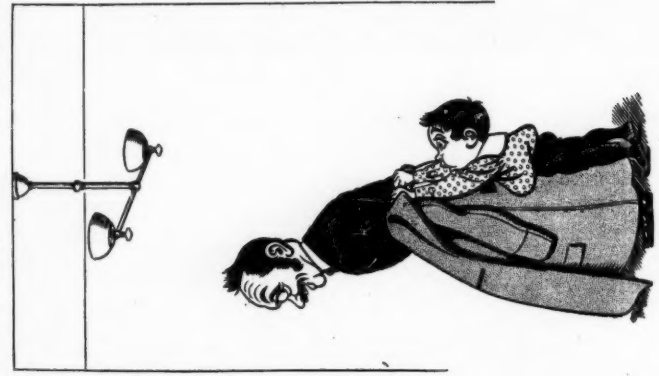
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"I'll play a joke on Willy. I'll ask him to help me on with this coat."



"Come, Willy, help me on with this coat!"



"Push it higher; that's no help at all! What good are you, any-how?"



"Wait a minute, Pop, till I jump and get a hold on your shoulders."



"Now wait till I get a good spring. Up I go!"

THE BIRTH OF A BONNET.

UPID took a sigh, and o'er it
Shaped a marvelous creation,
So that all must fain adore it.
This was Cupid's operation:

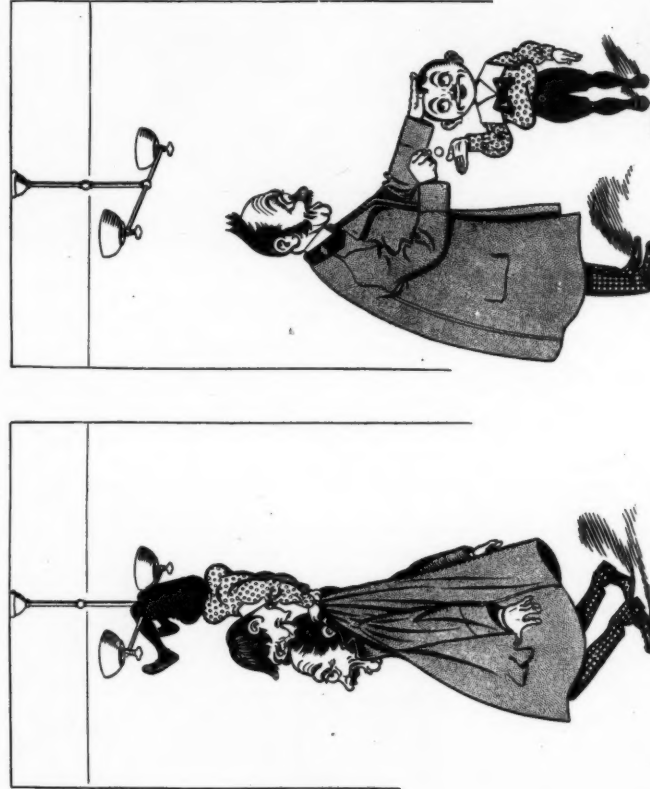
Velvet, soft as touch that lingers
When we've felt a sweetheart's fingers;
Silk, with sheen of tendernesses
Like a sweetheart's glinting tresses;
Satin, like the witching surface
Of the tempting cheeks on Her face;
Ribbons, with which once were tethered
Venus's dove steeds, iris-feathered;
Buds from poppy fields of passion
Grouped in most bewild'ring fashion;—
All these leagued in style the very
Best, from Love's Fine Millinery.

Cupid took a sigh, and o'er it
And around it and upon it
Worked his will. And Mabel wore it.
It was termed an Easter bonnet.

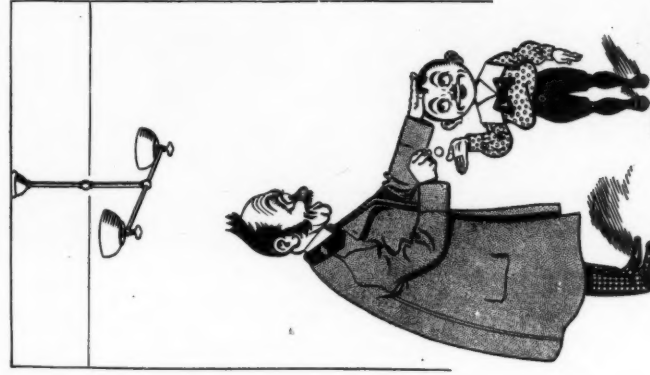
Edwin L. Sabin.

ALL HE WANTED.

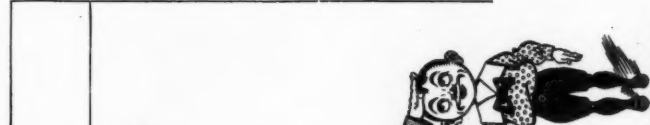
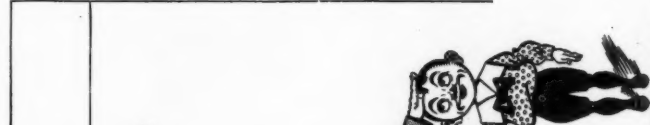
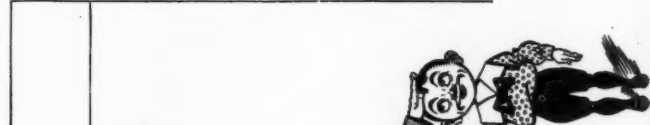
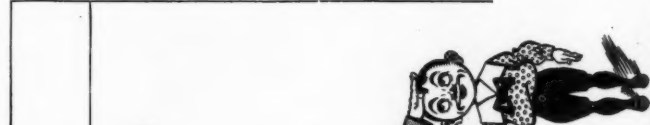
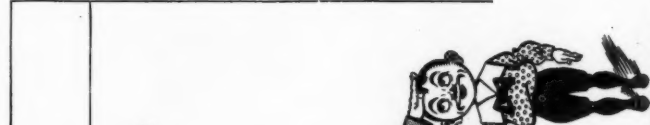
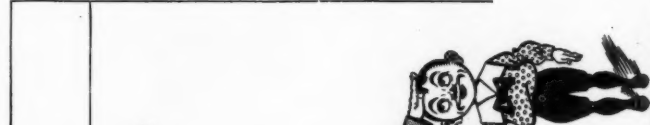
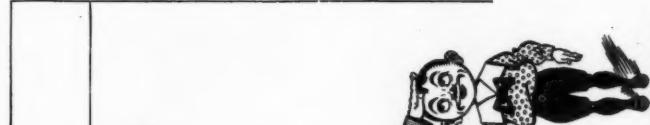
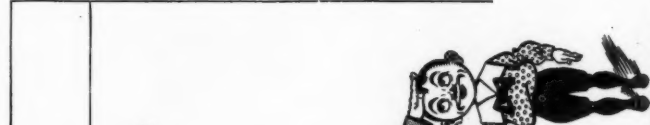
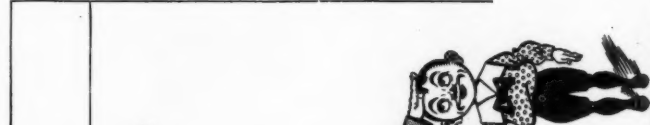
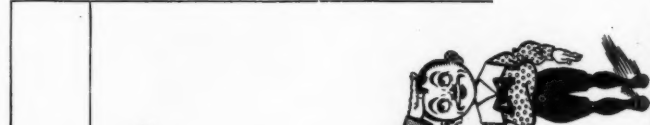
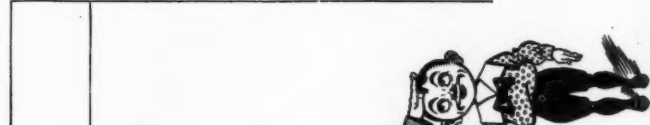
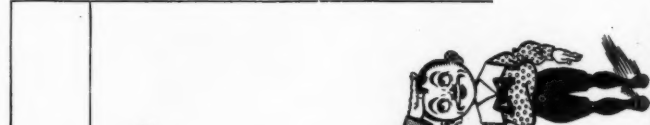
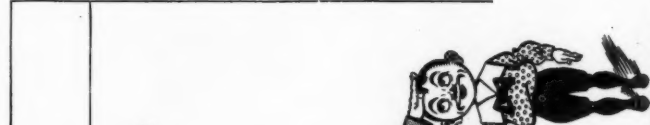
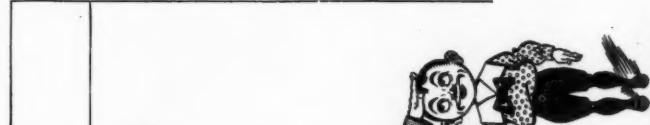
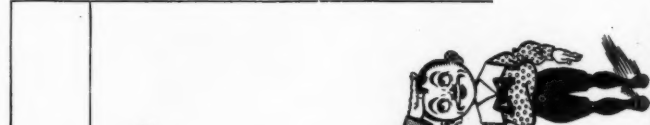
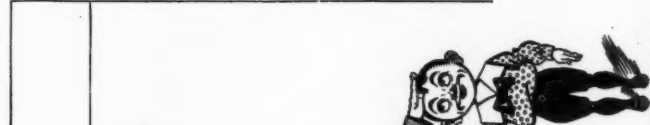
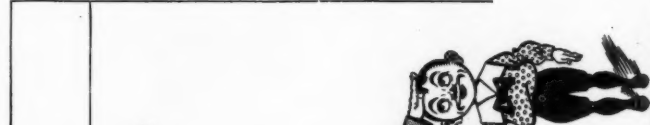
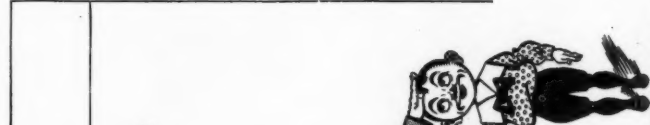
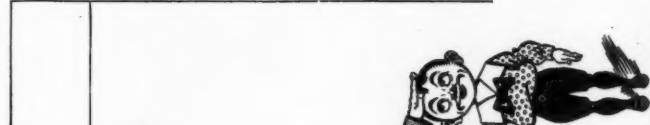
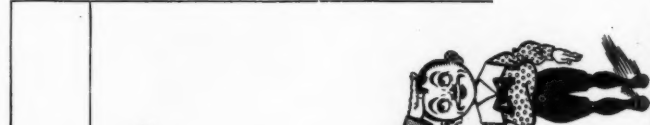
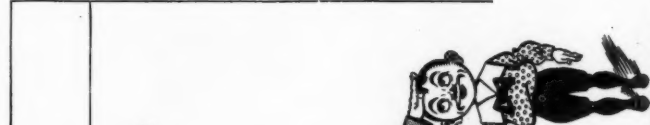
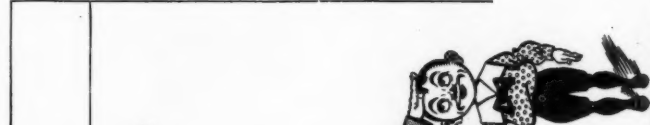
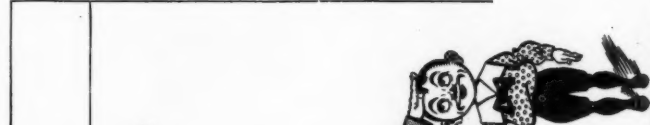
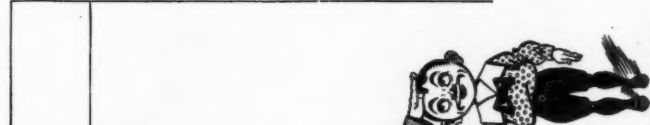
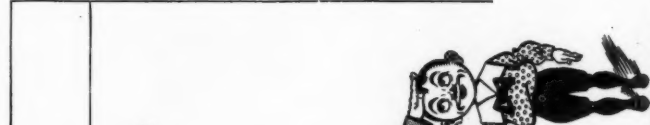
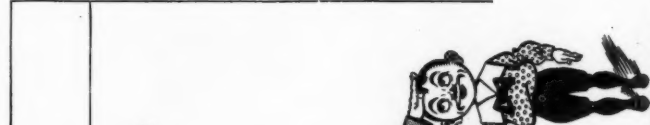
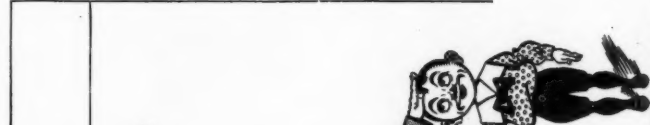
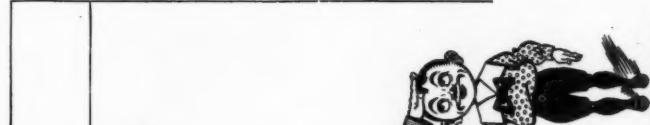
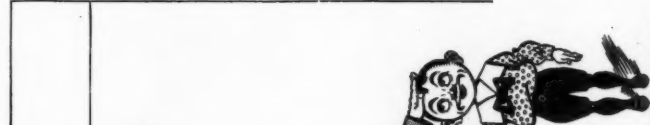
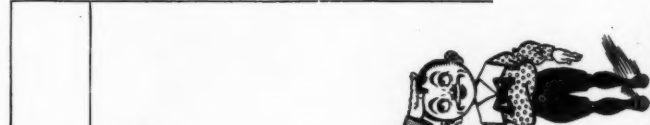
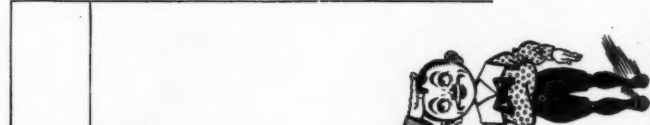
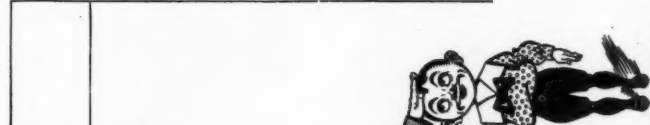
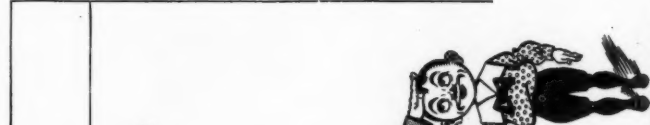
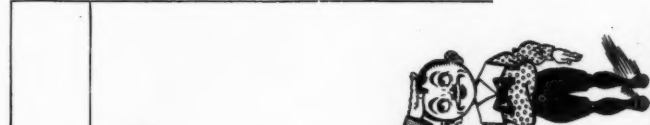
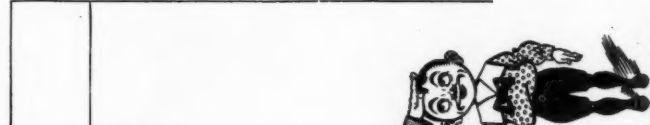
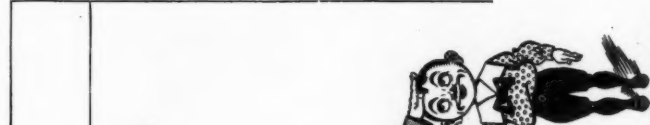
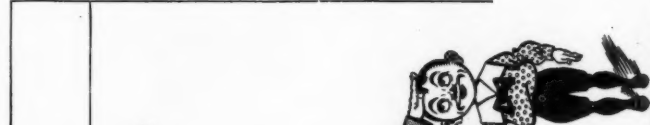
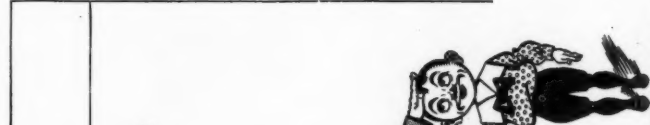
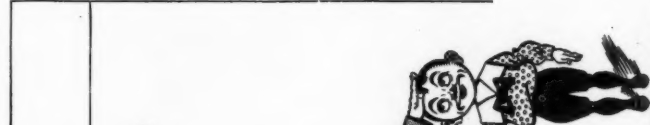
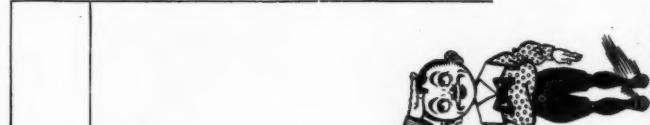
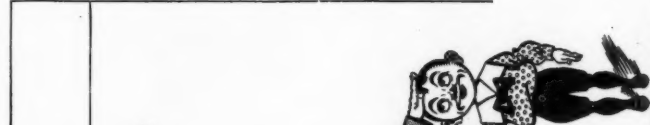
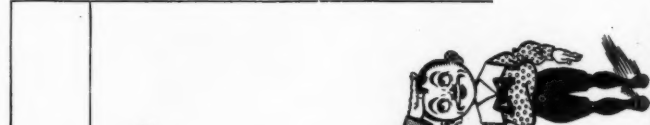
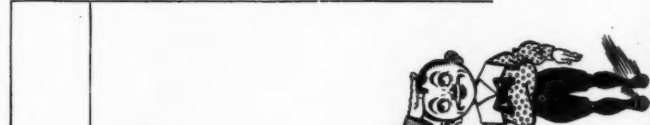
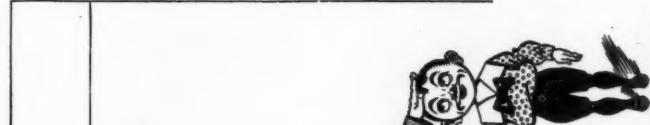
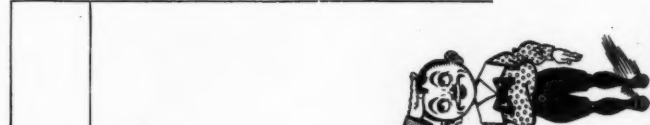
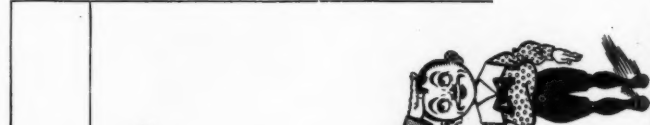
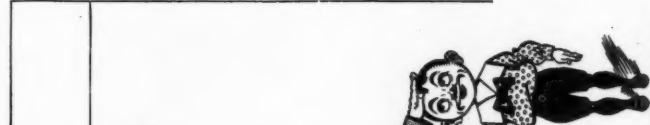
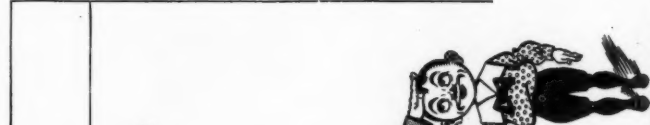
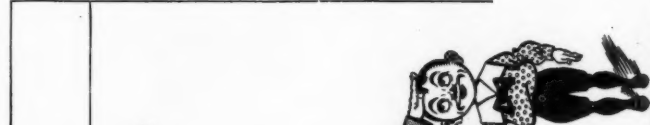
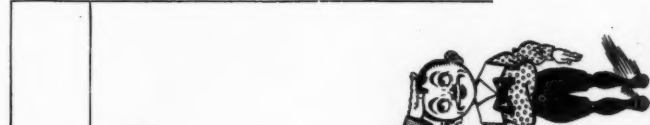
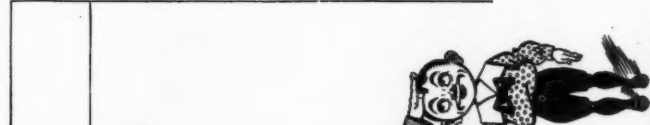
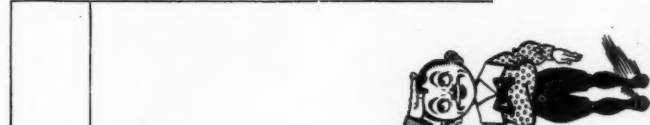
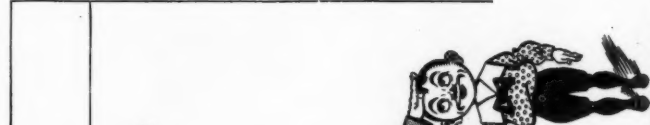
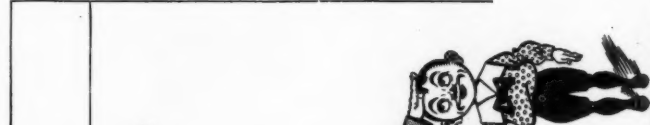
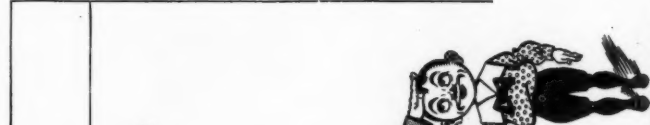
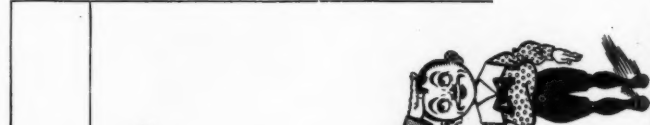
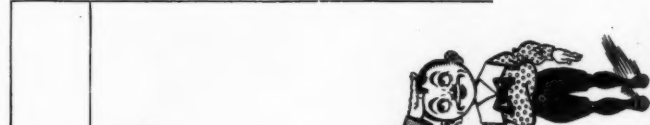
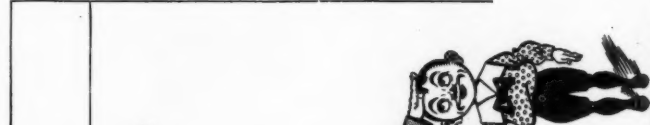
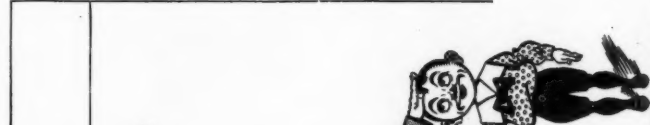
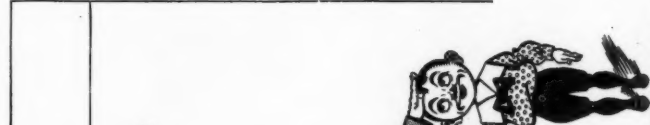
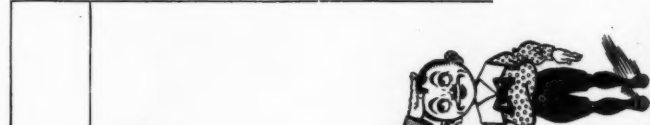
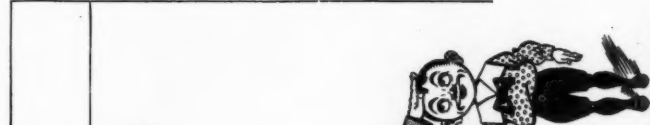
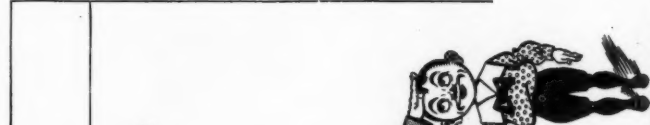
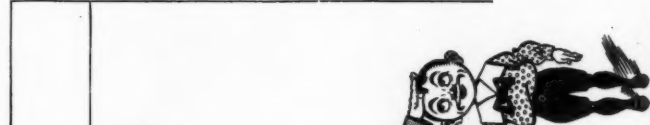
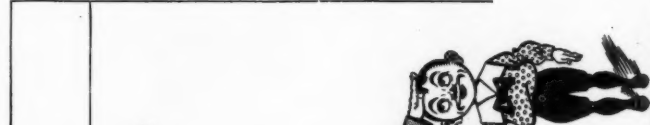
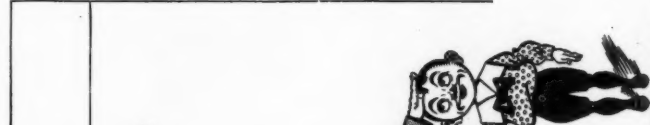
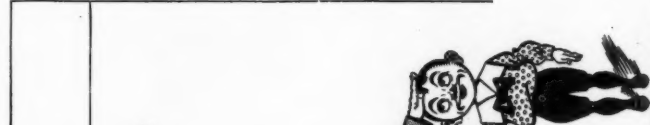
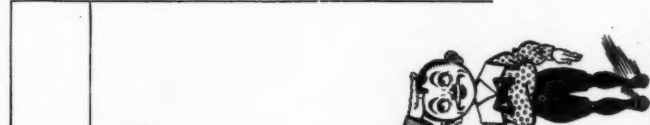
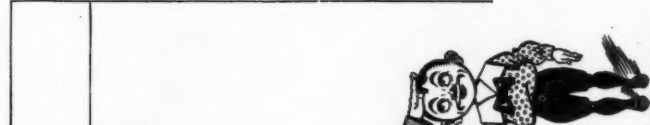
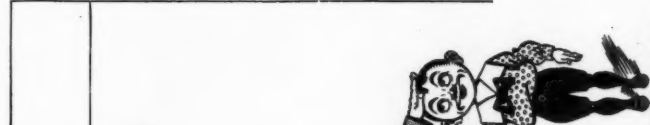
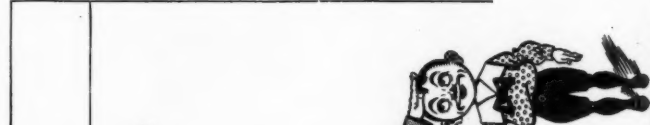
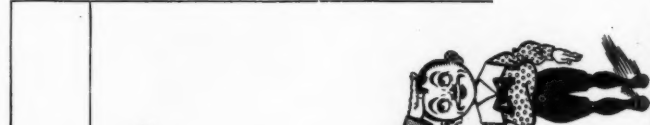
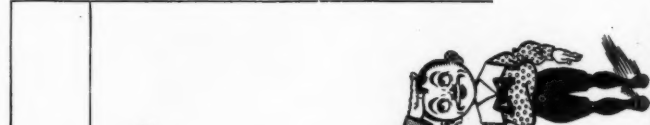
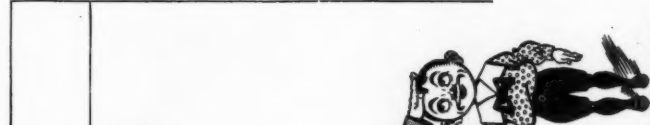
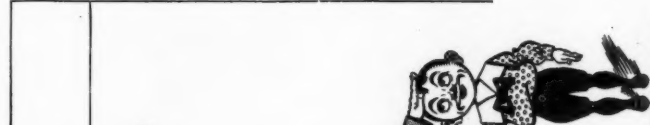
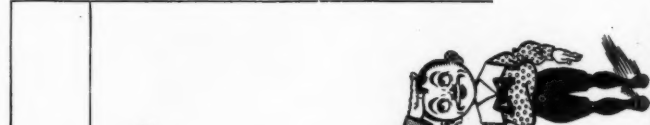
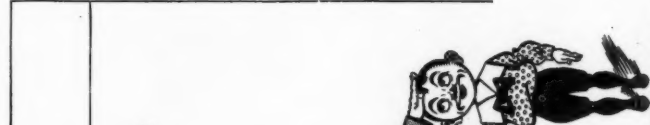
ISAACS.—Choost look at der number of dot five-tollar bill—526431.
COHENSTEIN.—Vell, vot of it?
ISAACS.—Would n't I like to haf der rest of dem numbers!



"Now, drop yourself! Hoop-la! Up she comes! High enough yet, Daddy?"



"A dime! Thank you, Popper! You don't pay for my gymnasium lessons for nothing."



THE CURBSTONE CENSOR.



THE CURBSTONE CENSOR believes himself effective in voicing public opinion. In reality he is effective only in jostling and stepping on the public's toes. His vocal efforts effect nothing except personal hoarseness and are only valuable in proportion to the celerity with which they accomplish such hoarseness as borders on the inarticulate.

The street is the perpetual rotunda of the Curbstone Censor, and his opportunity anything, from a fallen horse to a parade, that attracts an audience to his curbstone. The longer the fall of the horse or the line of the parade, the more public opinion will the curbstone be subjected to; unless the patience of the crowd lacks corresponding length. It is easier and surer to desert the curbstone than silence the Curbstone Censor.

At the fall of the horse the Curbstone Censor is a loud-mouthed humanitarian; at the parade, a yellow but no less loud-mouthed patriot. It is better to watch from the curbstone the horse resurrected than the passage of the parade. The former is usually shorter.

But suppose your penury and enthusiasm to see the parade lead to your standing on the curbstone and taking chances on the Curbstone Censor. You will make the experience your last, for you will find that no curbstone lacks its censor. There he is, between you and the impassive policeman;—his vocal machinery happily set toward the latter for the moment.

"Great day for this, Officer!" you hear him open up. "Good breeze, but dusty. What an outrage that the city can't keep this avenue clean! Now, if people would only—Get back, eh? Well, I must say you policemen get more high-handed every day!" Your wild hopes of relief by the man's arrest vanish as the policeman moves along with a grunt, and the Curbstone Censor turns to you.

"What did you think of that?" he demands, ingratiating himself with you by assuming a firm position on your left foot. "I tell you, people won't stand for this police oppression much longer! The time will come when we will demand more consideration. Your corns, eh? Sorry! Can you move back a little? So!" and he deprives you of your breath by a skillful backward wriggle. The crowd has cut off your escape by this time and the only hope of future peace left you is that the approaching mounted police may be considerate enough to mangle your Curbstone Censor.

"Hooray! Now we're off!" he shouts as the leading band passes. And he certainly is well off, for, from band to last straggling veteran, his flow of comment is unceasing. While you struggle vainly to protect the most favored portions of your anatomy from his insatiable elbow and boot, you are treated to unstinted and more painful verbal aggression.

"Cheer away; but you can't make me believe that man ain't a coward!" he pipes as your favorite hero passes. "And what's more you'll find people are dead on to him, too! No, sir, the people of this city won't stand for what he's done! . . . Well, well, there they are! Gallant old 'Steeny - steen! Heros, every one of them! What? That ain't them? Well, anyway, it looks like their uniform. They're the 'Steenh, eh? I'll take it all back. The pretty-boy tin-soldiers!



THE NEEDFUL.

HE.—Are you fully prepared to elope with me?

SHE.—Y—Yes.

HE.—Are you quite sure? We can't elope without money, you know!

I tell you, we don't think much of them here! . . . Did I go to war? Well, no, not exactly—that is . . . Ah! there's the old vets! . . . Parade must be most over . . . Yep! Here's the last line . . . I tell you, old man, when this country comes to . . . "

But you have wildly broken away to the nearest "Poorman's Club."

Bodily consolation will come after two weeks of arnica and rest;—mental relief after a much longer period of internal application and highly-colored expression.

The Curbstone Censor can be avoided only by giving up street parades or paying for a seat above the curbstone. The latter is well worth the price;—unless the Grandstand Censor is around!

Larkin G. Mead.

A JEALOUS SPOUSE.

THE LIONESS.—Oh, Mr. Tackeater! won't you please contribute one of your lovely tips to my Easter hat?

THE OSTRICH.—Really, Mrs. Tawney, I'm very sorry to have to refuse; but, you see, my wife has all my tips counted, and if she missed one she'd surely go home to her mother!

STERN.

When the peasant discovered that his goose had laid a golden egg, he was much troubled, and wondered what he should do.

The next day the goose laid another golden egg, and the peasant's doubts were instantly dissipated. He killed the goose forthwith.

"Why," he exclaimed, shuddering, "if this thing kept up I might get to vote the Republican ticket!"

This fable reveals something of the stern spirit that animates the agrarian movement.

THE CIVILIZED world, after all, is only about half-civilized.



HIS IDEA.

KELLY.—Shure, a bachelor is a shmall part av a man!

CASEY.—Yis; and a married man is a shmall part av a woman!



THE REGULATION PROPOSAL.

DAUGHTER.—No, Mama, Harold has not proposed as yet; that is, not in so many words.

MOTHER.—Mercy me, Jane! You must not wait for words! Proposals are mostly made up of sighs, gurgles, stammers, coughs, hems, haws and looks, you know!

THE GIRL WHO'S BEEN ABROAD.

SHE SPENT six months in Europe,
About ten years ago,
And now finds Minktown Centre
Decidedly too slow;
She never has stopped talking
Of lands across the sea,
And how she did the town once
Of beautiful "Paree."

When she is at a party,
To make her feel at home,
The hostess says: "Now tell us
About your stay in Rome!"
And one day in our drygoods store
She asked old Hiram Hanks
If he would kindly give her
The price of things in "franks."

I'd like to buy her ticket
And send her far away
On that ship she calls the "Grocer"
(If I was sure she'd stay);
And I know the folks around her
Would gladly help her pack—
That girl who's been to Europe
And can't seem to get back.

WHEN YOU find that you have indigestion oftener than you have heartache, you might as well admit that you have passed the conventional age of romance.

STANDING AND UNDERSTANDING.

We observed with much disquietude that the Agrarian gave every evidence of being profoundly impressed.

"Can't you stand prosperity?" we finally asked him, our anxiety overcoming our natural reserve.

"I can't understand it!" exclaimed the Agrarian, with the earnestness of deep conviction.

NO ATTRACTION.

ISAACS.—Did you read apoudt dis scheme to build model tenements?

COHENSTEIN.—Yes; but dey vould n't pay more as six or sefen per centd. I haf tenements vot pays elefen per centd. undt I don't plow apoudt dem, neider.

THE SITUATION.

UNCLE JOSH.—I had an awful time gettin' a car to stop. You'd think they did n't want passengers.

NEW YORKER.—Well, the companies want passengers but the conductors are not particular.

ART VS. COMMERCIALISM AGAIN.

NIBBLE.—What is the difference between poetry and verse?

SCRIBBLE.—You can sell verse.

A JOURNALISTIC TRIUMPH.

EDITOR (*Daily Howler*).—We got ahead of the *Shouter* on our Easter number, did n't we?

ASSISTANT.—Decidedly! Our paper was two pounds heavier than theirs!

THE METHODS OF THE SCHOOLS.

SHE.—The doctor ordered Mrs. Langdon to spend several months in Europe.

HE.—He's an allopath, is he not?

SHE.—Yes. Why?

HE.—A homeopath might have been satisfied to order a couple of weeks in the Catskills.

REPARTEE.

"You make me sick!" Chicago cried,
Glowering fit to kill.

"There's enough of me," New York replied,
"To make three Chicagos, Ill."



PLACING THE DATE.

JOHNSON.—Gawge Washington onoe threw a silvah dollah across de Potomac river!

JACKSON.—When was dat?

JOHNSON.—Why, dat was before he got married, I reckon!



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, April 18, 1900.—No. 1206.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

WE GATHER from Republican sources that the body of the Republican ticket for 1900 is assured to a certainty. It seems to be conceded that even a suggestion of any other than William McKinley would be close to blasphemous. The tail of the ticket, however, is still a matter for consideration. Several worthy gentlemen have intimated their willingness to wear this honorable distinction; and almost any one of these several would doubtless make a good tail. With this abundance of fit stuff to draw upon, therefore, we can but wonder at the persistent notice bestowed by party leaders upon the least fit and—if report be true,—the least willing of the possible candidates. We mean Mr. Roosevelt. What the office demands is a man of sedentary habits of thought, who feels the leisure of eternity in his bones, and who is, consequently, indifferent to the immediate concerns of ambition. The tail of a ticket, in short, must be capable of being wagged. Mr. Roosevelt absolutely lacks this capacity. His selection would provide an elemental conflict between statics and dynamics. He would either destroy the office or be fatally atrophied by it,—either of which events, we believe, would be held disastrous by the people at large. A due regard for symmetry and the known phases of gravitation will insure the choosing of one of the other possibilities.

RED AND GREEN.

THE ANGLO-IRISH situation will be relished chiefly by those whom Heaven has blessed with a sense of humor. Britons themselves have been unable to see anything funny in it. Indeed, the traditional absence of this gift from the British make-up is largely responsible for the situation. The "widow of Windsor" herself, we learn, wore a sprig of green on the day of St. Patrick; curfew bells were rung at that palace in honor of the Saint; and Londoners abandoned themselves to a frantic waving of the green flag and the piping of Irish airs. And now the Queen is journeying among her loyal subjects in Ireland. All this because of Irish valor in South Africa. Yet, also, obviously because rumors of more local hostility have made it plain that Irish valor, and especially Irish loyalty, might be still greater factors in the near future. Of course we should all be glad to see England and Ireland on better terms with each other. But the question is, will Britain continue in peace the attitude war has constrained her to adopt? Can the Anglo-Irish flirtation—born of adversity—stand prosperity? This is where you use your sense of humor.

GERMANY AND OUR MEAT.

THERE IS—or ought to be—an old fable of a very ugly man who, upon no evidence but his own inherent conviction, believed himself to be the most beautiful thing that ever was. He continued under this delusion even after beholding his own face in a mirror; simply adding to his other unalterable belief the conviction that mirrors were the ugliest looking things ever invented. We are reminded of this fable—which is or ought to be found somewhere or other—by the comments of our Protectionist newspapers on the German Meat Inspection bill. This bill aims to protect the German laborer from the cheap, pauper meats of the United States. We learn from these esteemed contemporaries—esteemed, be it understood, for other things than their consistency—that this would be a very silly, short-sighted policy on Germany's part. That it would raise the cost of living for the factory and other workers, in the interest of the lesser body of sausage fabricators; and that it is, in fact, a mere vulgar subterfuge on the part of the latter to increase their own gains at the expense of the wage-earners. There is no moral to this if you don't see one.

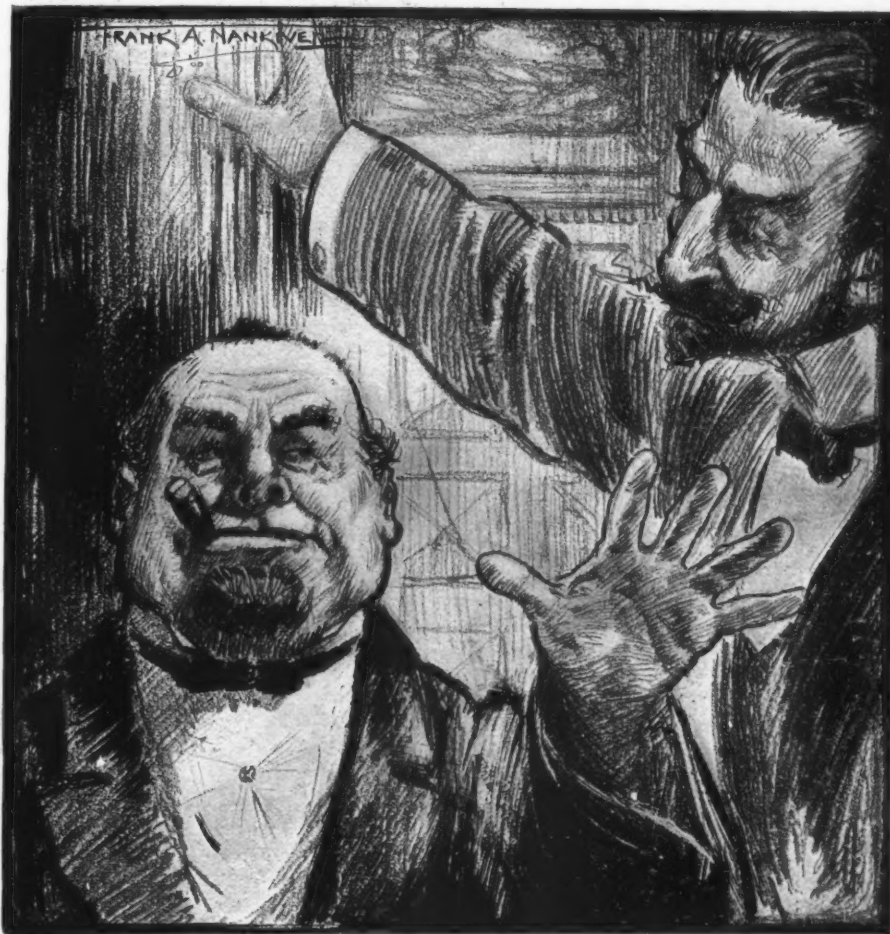
PUCK.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

THE RICH man's days are full of trouble. Not only his week-days but his Sundays. Mr. Collis P. Huntington lately had to try and convict his pastor of heresy; that humble follower of Christ, Mr. Russell Sage, had difficulties in somewhat the same line a little while ago; and here is Mr. John D. Rockefeller having more trouble with his religion than nine-tenths of all the paupers in the country. Whether his early experience with the stock of the Standard Oil Company had aught to do with it, we know not, but Mr. Rockefeller has for some years been affiliated with the Baptist persuasion, taking an active and sometimes troubled part in its administration, and frequently pouring copious streams of standard oil upon its troubled waters. In twelve years he has had to oust three pastors from his Cleveland church. The first advocated open communion. As might be suspected, Mr. Rockefeller is warm, as they say, for close communion. So the open communionist went. The next incumbent was put in by Mr. Rockefeller and shortly after put out by him for reasons not given. And now the third goes. In justice to Mr. Rockefeller it must be said that he ought to go. He is too artless. He is said to have defended Mr. Rockefeller in the pulpit against certain critics, and his defence was embarrassing. He remarked, in effect, that while some people charged Mr. Rockefeller with stealing the money that he gave to the church, even if he did steal it he laid it on the altar and thus sanctified it. As may be imagined this defence was not satisfactory. Among those whom it failed to satisfy Mr. Rockefeller himself was foremost. Hence the present opening in the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland. The rumor that Mr. Rockefeller will now change its name to "The Church of the Extra-Wide Needle's Eye" can not be confirmed up to the hour of going to press.

A WORTHY EXHIBIT.

WE ARE glad to note that our neighbor, *The New York Times*, is to print "All the news that's fit to print" in a special daily issue of itself to be published on the Exposition grounds at Paris. It will be the only newspaper published on the grounds and will, we are sure, prove a pleasing and instructive exhibit to the Exposition visitors, in whose "plain sight," the *Times* informs us, the work of composition, type-setting by machinery, stereotyping and printing will be performed. American journalism is fortunate in being represented by a clean, rational up-to-date paper like the *Times*. We can think of newspapers that would have represented us as being a pretty yellow people. But the *Times* may be trusted.



DOBSON'S LIFE.

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SMITH.—Congressman Dobson says his life is an open book!

JONES.—Ha! Ha! Why, Dobson's life is a regular Sunday newspaper with a comic supplement, a sheet of nigger music, a donkey puzzle, an art calendar, ten columns of "jobs wanted," and a "loving cup" subscription for Dobson!



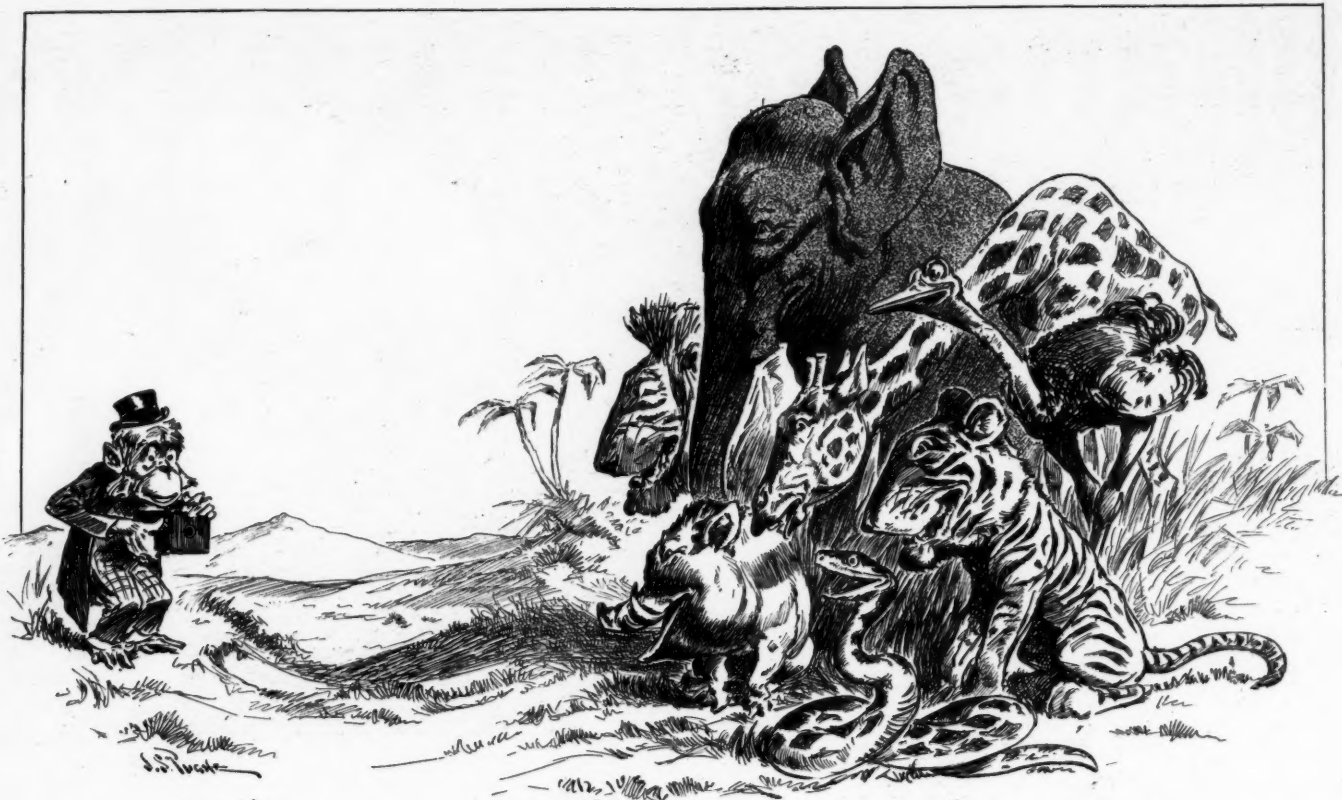
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McKINLEY'S EAST



PUCK'S EASTER EGG.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



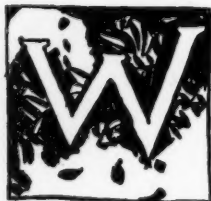
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A PATERNAL SCHEME.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—Don't all look so pleasant! I want this picture for my youngest son, to break him of running away from home!

MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY.



WELL, THE gin'ral public got toired av Buller an' med up their moinds that if he iver got to Leddysmith it ud be because somebody had injuced the Boers to lave the neighborhood. An' payple began to tur-rn their eyes to Kimberley an' luk for news from Roberts an' Kitchener. Things had been so dull in thot quarther thot some folks thought they'd niver wake up. For a long toime afther Methuen's defayt, barrin' a missage from toime to toime to say thot he was nayther captured nor issolated, he was the quietest man in the Br-ritish army. Sich a peaceful an' continted existence he seemed to be ladin' thot it was rumored thot he was buildin' a residince on the Modder River an' had concluded to settle there for the rest av his days. An' durin' this toime Kimberley kept sindin' out missages for publication loike this: "All cheerful an' well;" an' missages, not for publication, loike this: "What the devil is the matter wit' ye all, annyhow? How long do ye think we can go on atin' biled mules? Is it thrue thot ye have two hundred thousand min in Afriky, an', if so, how manny more are ye waitin' for before ye get a move on?" But Lord Roberts, who was thin in char-rge, sint thim wor-rd to have patience an' hould on, aiven if they had to ate di'monds, an' he'd be wit' thim as soon as he conveyniently cud.

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Now Gin'ral Cronje—the woily Cronje, as his frinds an' admoirers called him—who was besaygin' Kimberley, was almost as quiet as Methuen himself, an' he had the most illigant assortmint av thraps at different places in the neighborhood thot the eye av man cud wish to see. But whin he got proivate infor-mation thot Roberts had no intintion of walkin' into anny av thim thraps, an' thot he was on the p'nt av approachin' wit' a thrap av his own for the woily Cronje, thin, though it almost bruk his heart to tear himself away from Saysil Rhodes, the woily Cronje med up his moind to loight out. An' he did n't do it anny too soon, for Roberts was nearly on top av him whin he shtarted, an' Gin'ral Frinch, wit' the Br-ritish cavalry, med his way into Kimberly an' was resayved wit' great inthusiasim by the inhabitants who wept tears av j'y at the soight av the Br-ritish flag an' the pr-rospect av three square males a-day.

An' Cronje med thracks as fast as he cud an' was followed up by Gin'ral Kelly-Kenny—who shud have been a Fenian, judgin' by his name, bad 'cess to him!—an' he did all he cud to pick a foight wit' the Boer rear gyard. Sometoimes Kelly-Kenny'd tackle the Boers so suddintly thot they'd have to adjourn their prayer meetin's wit'out singin' the doxology an' he tuk wagons an' mules an' oxen an' ammuniton an' Boibles an' hymn-books. An' he thried hard

to get them so ixsoited thot they wud forget their artillery, but they did n't seem to be in quoitte enough av a hurry to do thot.

Still Kelly-Kenny bothered an' ann'yed thim a great dale, an' though Gin'ral Cronje was a quiet an' aiven-timpered man, so Oi 'm tould, an' 't was no aisy matter to get him ixsoited, yet it is no wonder thot sich prosaydin's as these med him mad as a hatter at last. An' he says to himsilf, says he, "'T would be a great raylief to me moind if Oi cud stop long enough in me headlong floight to lick this spalpeen, Kelly-Kenny! 'T is too overbearin' he's gettin' intoirely. If Oi don't tache him a lesson it's walkin' roight through me commandos, he'll be, an' rachin' Bloemfontein before Oi do. Oi wud feel betther if Oi cud jist knock the smithereens out av him. An', by the hivins, come what may, Oi'll thry!"

An' Kelly-Kenny, notwithstanding the hyphen in the middle av his name—for though Oi've knowed Kellys and Kennys both in the ould counthry an' here, the devil a Kelly-Kenny did Oi iver hear av buif this wan—still, as Oi was goin' to say, he was Oirish enough to inj'y the chance av a foight, an' the minute Cronje stopped long enough to let him come up, they had it hot an' heavy.



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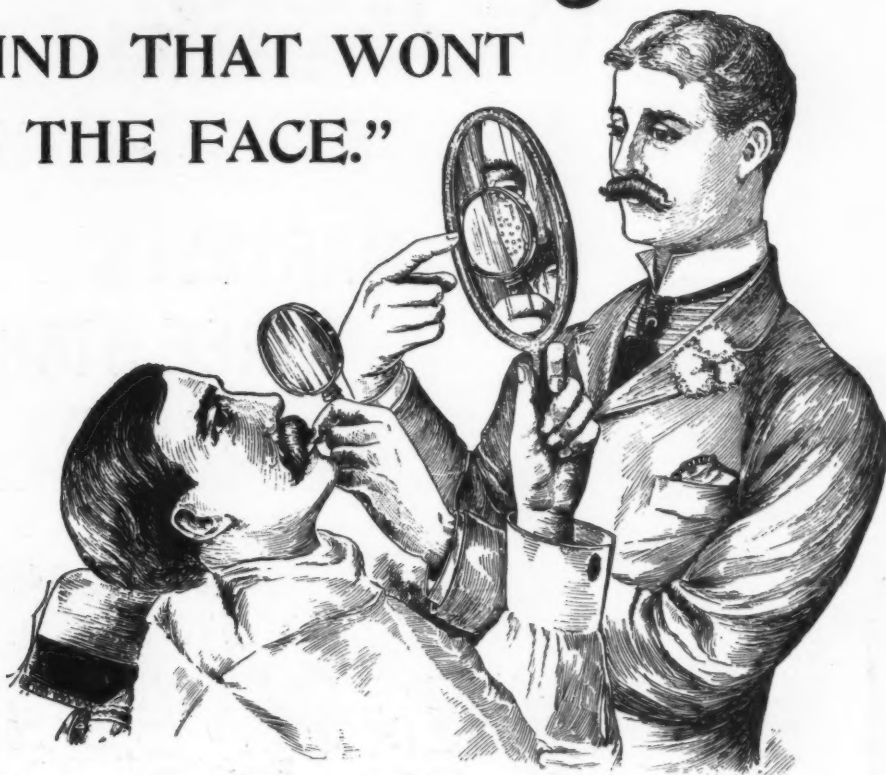
A REBUKE.

FARMER HAYRICK.—Well, them hawks is enough to make anybody cuss! MRS. HAYRICK.—If you could shoot as well as you kin cuss, Silas, that un would n't last long!

Williams' Shaving Soap

**"THE ONLY KIND THAT WONT
DRY ON THE FACE."**

The Delicate, Rich,
Creamy Lather, thoroughly
permeates and cleanses the
pores, softens the beard,
and leaves the face cool,
comfortable and refreshed.



"You can see how it is, Sir."

(From a Canadian Correspondent).

"IT HOLDS MY TRADE,

and that's why I use nothing now but the splendid old reliable **WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap,**" said the most prosperous Barber in Montreal the other day, in answer to the question WHY IT WAS that I found nothing else in any of the principal shops.

"You Can See how it is, Sir,"

he said, and, giving me the hand glass, he took a powerful magnifying glass, and showed me how the skin really looks, and how important it was that nothing but the purest, mildest, and most delicate of Soaps should ever be used.

Little Doors—

myriads of them—unseen *but always open*—lead directly through the skin—to the very life-blood. Hence the *imperative necessity* that you guard these doors. Nothing comes nearer the skin than your SHAVING SOAP—you apply it with the brush—and, as it were, *force it* into those willing little doorways.

"They can't fool me, Sir,"

he continued, "with their stories about 'cheapness,' and 'just as good as,' and all that, for I've tried them all, and I know what I'm talking about; and what is more, Sir, I have more than twenty customers who have come to me from other shops, with faces all sore and smarting and poisoned by the use of harsh, highly perfumed, quick-drying Soaps. All this trouble disappeared with the use of

WILLIAMS' Soap,

and they have stayed by me because they feel confidence in the way I run my Shop, and they send their friends here, too. They are the most profitable customers we have. I tell you Sir,

It pays to use the BEST."

Williams' Soaps are the only recognized standard for Shaving, and in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Shaving Cream, etc., are sold by druggists and perfumers all over the world.

LONDON.
PARIS.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

DRESDEN.
SYDNEY.

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A DAINY TOILET NECESSITY.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
IN 5¢ PACKAGES ONLY.



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They're Popular because in material and mixing no better Cocktail was passed over any bar.

ALWAYS READY.

They're handy at home—anywhere.

WHISKEY,
MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, GIN,
TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, etc.

ASK ANYBODY.

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A MONTH**



SELLING TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES.

An article of every-day use—every person a possible customer—best of materials and workmanship. Name, address and emblems of societies and trades, photos, etc., beneath handles. Many other advantages. Makes large and rapid sales.

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Good Commission Paid.

Send 2c. stamp for terms and circulars.

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CANTON, O.**



If in doubt what button to wear,
Do not think that you are in a
snare,

For the
"BENEDICT"
Button has been tried,
And all purchases upon relied.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

A SORRY JOKE.

The automobile tired out
And could n't go at all,
So they got an equine, big and stout,
Its helpless hulk to haul.
The automobile hung its head,
Its hapless plight to see,
And to its shame-faced self it said,
"This is a horse on me."

—Elliott's Magazine.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

"As mild and soft as the Equator's night,
as pure and fresh as the waterman's
wares."

NESTOR CIGARETTES



TRIALS OF HIGH
LIFE.

FIRST GUEST.—
Awful bore, isn't it?

SECOND GUEST.—
Dull as a funeral. I
knew it would be.

FIRST GUEST.—
You knew it? Then
why did you come?

SECOND GUEST.—
Had to. My wife
heard that the formula
for writing regrets had
changed, and she
could n't find out what
the new style was. So
she sent an acceptance.

—N. Y. Weekly.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

FORCE OF HABIT.

"What's the matter
with cook?"

"Oh! somebody
gave her an umbrella
with a Dresden-China
handle; she forgot
herself and smashed
it."

—Detroit Free Press.

OUR idea of bravery
and unexampled
heroism is for a poor
preacher to differ in
opinion with the most
generous contributor
of his flock. —*Atchison
Globe.*



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

THE CONQUEROR (*contemptuously*).—But yesterday you were shouting for victory or death!

THE MAYOR.—True, Your Honor; but to-day we are shouting for annexation or death!

COE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1

at druggists. 25c. box of us.
Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

One trial will prove the efficacy of Abbott's, the
Original Angostura Bitters, to give strength to body
and brain. At your grocers or druggists.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

A strictly first-class train, consisting of
BUFFET-SMOKING AND LIBRARY CARS, PULLMAN DOUBLE
DRAWING-ROOM SLEEPING CARS AND DINING CARS
runs through between Chicago and

CALIFORNIA in 3 Days

without change via the

CHICAGO, UNION PACIFIC & NORTH-WESTERN LINE

affording the quickest transit to San Francisco, the gateway to
THE HAWAIIAN AND PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, CHINA AND JAPAN.

FOR INFORMATION AND DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS APPLY TO PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:

888 WASHINGTON STREET,	BOSTON.	435 VINE STREET,	CINCINNATI.
461 BROADWAY,	NEW YORK.	507 SMITHFIELD STREET,	PITTSBURG.
198 CLARK STREET,	CHICAGO.	127 THE ARCADE,	CLEVELAND.
601 CHESTNUT STREET,	PHILADELPHIA.	17 CAMPUS-MARTIUS,	DETROIT.
801 MAIN STREET,	BUFFALO.	No. 2 KING STREET, EAST,	TORONTO, ONT.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

The Connoisseur

Set before a connoisseur as an
umpire any number of samples
of whiskey to judge the best as to

The Finest Type
The Purest Quality
The Richest Flavor

HE MUST SELECT

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

10 Years Old

Combining all in a
most perfect unity,
and therefore without question the
best.



Sold at all First-Class Cafés and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The Improved BOSTON GARTER

The Standard
for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON
GARTER" is stamped
on every loop.

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c.

Cotton 25c.

Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

STILL NECESSARY.

The horseless carriage, so they say,
Is something that is here to stay;
But everybody who has tried it
Declares it takes horse sense to guide it.
—Elliott's Magazine.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10
to 20 days. No pay till cured.
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,
Dept. I. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

Bunner's Short Stories.

SHORT SIXES.
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
MADE IN FRANCE.
MORE SHORT SIXES.
THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Five Volumes, in Paper, \$2.50
" " " Cloth, 5.00

or separately } Per Volume, in Paper, \$0.50
as follows: } " " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the
Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

THE
PHONOGRAPH
"Sustained by its reputation"




The only perfect reproductions of sound are obtained by using Edison Records on the Phonograph. Prices from \$7.50 to \$100. Catalogues from all Phonograph Dealers.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.
NEW YORK

It required several innings for John Bull to size up the opposition pitcher and get his eye on the ball.—*Washington Post*.

CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin Gum



Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

It's Slick

It's smooth, it's flat. There's nothing about the Brighton Silk Carter (for men) that will cause its wearer the slightest annoyance. The

BRIGHTON Silk Carter

is as nobby as it is comfortable. Very best silk elastic web; all colors, and the newest cross-bar patterns. At furnishers, or mailed for 25c. a pair.

PROFESSOR SUNDENBERG CO.,
715 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HE COVERED THE GROUND.
A benevolent gentleman of this city received the following letter from a former family servant:
"Mars Tom, I kin feel it in my j'int dat we gwine ter have some weather fo' long, en I writes ter tell you dat I so col' I dunno what I gwine ter eat nex' week, en my shoes is so broke en run down dat de Lawd only knows whar I'll git a hat ter wear! 'Sides all dat, de house rent is \$2, en I ain't got no overcoat. I wish you please, suh, tell me w'en ter call on you!" — *Atlanta Constitution*.

Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, in men, women or children, cured by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

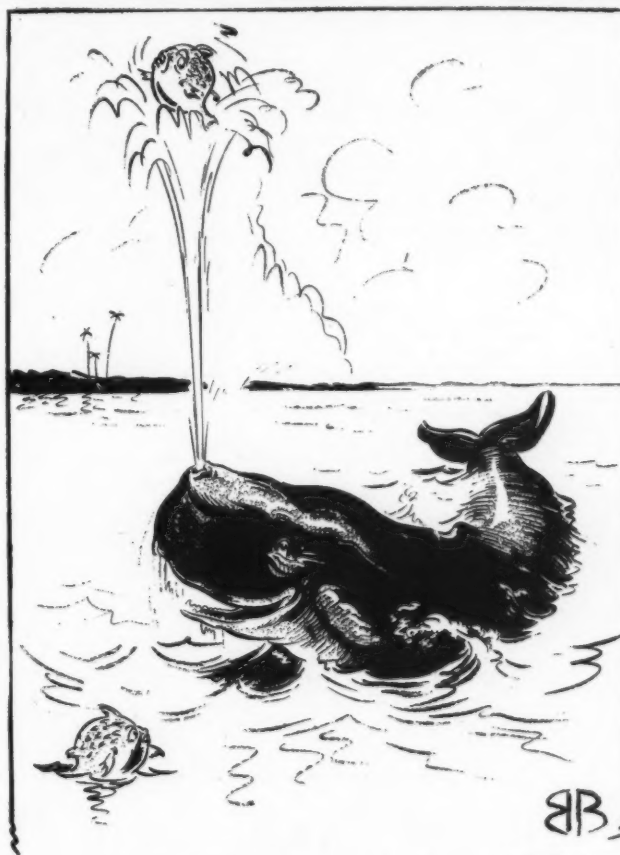
Get the genuine! If you want to be cured.
10 cents & 25 cents, at drug stores.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.

Reader, do you know what real cocoa is? To economical housewives, and wide-awake people generally, the best cocoa and that of Van Houten are synonymous terms. The cocoa manufactured by that well-known firm is a preparation from the very best cocoa-beans, and contains all the valuable nutritive and stimulating properties natural to cocoa. The cocoa-bean contains an alkaloid called "Theobromine," which is the principle of the "cup that cheers, but does not inebriate."

The great point of difference between the stimulating properties of alcohol, and that of theobromine is, that the use of the former causes a subsequent depression, which is proportioned to the amount of stimulation it has previously brought about; the use of the latter (theobromine) is unattended by such unpleasant after-effects. Of course, only a first-class cocoa, such as Van Houten's, will work in the aforesaid manner. That cocoa has been described as "A triumph of science!" It is absolutely pure, entirely soluble, and easy of assimilation and digestion by the weakest stomach. It costs but a trifle, being less than one cent per cup; and it is the simplest drink to make ready, of the whole catalogue of possible beverages. It smells so good, and tastes so delicious, that when you try it you will certainly exclaim: "Ah! indeed, it is a triumph of science!"

HAVE YOU TRIED VAN HOUTEN'S Eating CHOCOLATE?



THE BALL ON THE FOUNTAIN.
THE GLOBE-FISH.—Help! Murder!!! Police!!! Somebody turn the water off!

"Little Whiskey"

Once you use it you will take no other.

See that the bottle is a facsimile of this package.

Rich Pure Mellow

J. & A. FREIBERG, Cincinnati, O.

For Home and Club Consumption

PEACE ON EARTH.
MRS. A.—Are their domestic relations satisfactory?
MRS. B.—I should think they ought to be. They have had the same servant girl for ten years.—*Detroit Free Press*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

Nowadays critical Ale drinkers never think of ordering any other Ale or Stout than Evans'



Rapidly becoming the universal malt beverage.

PATRIOTISM is more than four-fifths politics.
—*Atchison Globe*.

Bundy
Acetylene Gas Lamps



Table Lamp, \$7.
Hunabent, \$12 pr.
Bicycle, \$2.
Express prepaid.
Absolutely Automatic.
No variation in flame.
Can't explode.
Odorless.
Simple.
Reliable.
Perfection.

Write for particulars.
BUNDY LAMP CO., Box L, Elmira, N.Y.

1900 36th 1900
Annual Statement OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, PRES'T.

HARTFORD, Conn., January 1, 1900.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000

ASSETS.	
Real Estate	\$2,049,222.72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269.96
Loans on bond and mort., real estate	5,981,842.52
Interest accrued but not due	245,983.39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175.51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,305,307.27
Deferred Life Premiums	340,997.04
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449.36
Government Bonds	789,016.96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997.94
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225.19
Bank stocks	1,258,674.00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350.00
Total Assets	\$27,760,511.56

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve 3 1/2 per cent., Life Department	\$20,406,734.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,500,369.22
Present value Installment Life Policies	783,193.00
Reserve for Claims against Employers	586,520.26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833.02
Life Premiums paid in advance	83,178.11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000.00
Total Liabilities	\$23,739,827.61
Excess Security to Policy holders	4,020,683.95
Surplus	\$3,020,683.95

STATISTICS TO DATE.	
LIFE DEPARTMENT.	
Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554.00
New Life Insurance written in 1899	17,105,686.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	1,522,417.06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	16,039,380.95
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.	
Number Accident Claims paid in 1899	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$1,227,977.34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	23,695,539.94
Totals.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$2,750,394.40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	30,734,920.89

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

A DREAM COLUMBIA
Bevel Gear
Chainless Bicycles,
\$75, \$60



Are Built upon Lines which
Contribute to the Graceful
Appearance of the Rider...

THE COLUMBIA LOOP
FRAME is original with us, and
has the endorsement of being
widely copied by other makers.

To-day women devote as much
care and thought to their cycling
costumes as they give to their
gowns for other occasions. Se-
lect a bicycle which is in keeping
with this idea.

Columbia Bevel Gear Chainless Bicycles for women insure advantages which are
at once apparent. There is nothing to entangle the skirt, nothing to interfere with the
quickest possible mount or dismount from either side. High rigidity of frame has
been secured without depriving the rider of necessary room for the skirt.

COLUMBIA COASTER BRAKE, applicable to both Chainless and Chain models,
enables the woman rider to enjoy the pleasure of coasting without fear of accident. It
reduces the fatigue of long distance rides. It does not wear or strain the running
parts of the machine. Price, \$5.00. Fitted to bicycles of former years of almost any
make, at reasonable prices.

Columbia, Hartford, Stormer and Pennant
Chain Wheels, \$50, \$35, \$30, \$25.

Columbia and Stormer Catalogues free from any Columbia or Stormer
dealer, or by mail for 2c. stamp each.

VICI KID SHOES FREE FOR BABY

THE FIRST PAIR—Not a Cent to Pay

VICI KID is the softest leather you can put on baby's tender feet. It is the toughest, handsomest, best-wearing leather you can put on child's, woman's, or man's feet. The world's standard of fine shoe-leather.

Any baby born in 1900 may be taken to your shoe-dealer. Let him measure its feet as carefully as for a grown up person, and send the measurements to us. We will have a pair of handsome Vici Kid Shoes made specially and returned to the dealer for you.

VICI DRESSING—Keeps leather soft and pliable when in use. It should double the "life" of a shoe.

VICI PASTE POLISH—Puts a mirror shine on the shoe—a shine that wet won't hurt and that won't rub off on the whitest skirt or the daintiest trousers.

VICI COMBINATION. For convenience. Paste and Dressing in one case.

Ask your shoe-dealer. The fame of Vici Products covers five continents. No one else makes them or can make them.

SHOE-OLGY is our book on Shoes and Shoe Treatment. It is free to any asker.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER Philadelphia



That Means Quality

CLEVELAND BICYCLES

EVERY rider of a Cleveland Bicycle points with pride to the name-plate. That tells the whole story—every picce and part of the wheel is made on honor. The Cleveland name-plate stands for every excellence in Bicycle construction.

Prices \$40.00 and \$50.00.
Bevel Gear Chainless, \$75.00.

Send for the New Cleveland Catalogue.

AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.,
LOZIER SALES DEPARTMENT,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
337 BROADWAY, - NEW YORK.

Alois P. Swoboda teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise without any apparatus whatever and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

ABSOLUTELY CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, and revitalizes the whole body.

Pupils are of both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case. Write at once for full information and Booklet containing endorsements from many of America's leading citizens to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
34-36 Washington Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

COMPETENT TESTIMONY.

"How shall I prove the sincerity of my devotion?" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him.

"Call the parson in as a witness," suggested the young lady, who meant business.

—Detroit Free Press.

"That leading man I've got is a wonderful actor!" said the manager.

"Is he?" inquired his wife.

"Why, what do you suppose he did?"

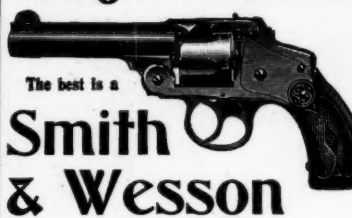
"Really can't say."

"The Sheriff came to see us to-day with an attachment, and my leading man made the officer really think that we would pay the bill before we got out of town!" —Yonkers Statesman.

If a fellow has a broken tooth, it keeps him busy keeping his tongue out of it. —Wash. Democrat.

No well regulated household should be without Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons Angostura Bitters, unequalled as an appetizer.

Burglar Alarm.



The best is a
Smith & Wesson
Revolver. Catalogue for a Stamp.
SMITH & WESSON, 8 Stockbridge Street,
Springfield, Mass.
159 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Arnold Constable & Co.
Paris Novelties.

Lace and Chiffon Neckwear.
Silk and Crêpe Sashes.
Embroidered Silk Waists
Silk and Batiste Ties, Stocks.
Lace Yokes, Blouses and Fronts.
Parasols, Gloves.
Linen and Lace Handkerchiefs.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

A PERT COMPARISON.

"Remember," said the young man's father, "that when I was your age I earned my own living."

"Of course," was the depressing answer; "you did the best you could with your opportunities. But I'll venture to say you did n't get nearly as good a living as I get now without working." —Washington Star.

A LITTLE TOO SOON.

FRIEND.—No wonder Miss Beauti won't look at you. It's your own fault. You act like a slave—fawning, cringing, kneeling before her, as if you did n't dare call your soul your own.

MR. SADFELLO.—Don't women like that kind of treatment?

FRIEND.—U'm!—not until after marriage. —N. Y. Weekly.

MISS NORTH.—How is your son getting along at school?

COL. KENTUCK.—Splendidly! He is now able to hit the bull's-eye nine times out of every ten at five hundred yards. —Norristown Herald.



20th CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR LAUNCH
This Ideal Gentleman's launch elegantly finished, simple, seaworthy, safe, reliable. Seats 8. Speed 8 miles. Guaranteed for one year. Price \$300.00. Order now, avoid Spring rush. Send 10c. for handsome 76 page catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, Row Boats, Canoes.
RACINE BOAT MFG. CO. (Lakeview) Racine, Wis.

Our increase in employed forces during the past ten years, as compared above, is due to our determined efforts to "build well and for all time," thereby earning for



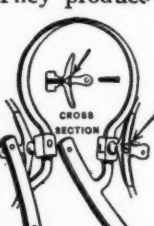
Rambler BICYCLES
Price \$40
the high reputation which 21 years' experience and results have given them. Rambler agencies everywhere. Catalog free.
AMERICAN BICYCLE CO.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY SALES DEPT.
CHICAGO

Eye-glass Screws Dig
into noses. They come loose. They make lopsy-wopsy frames. They produce strained and weary eyes.

None of these things can happen if you use **Lens Locked Screws.**

Insist on seeing them. Your own wit will tell you how important they are. If your optician does not have them, send 50 cents and your eye-glasses to us and we will fit them with Lens Locked Screws and return them promptly.

Descriptive Circular free
ANDREW J. LLOYD & CO.,
Opticians,
323 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



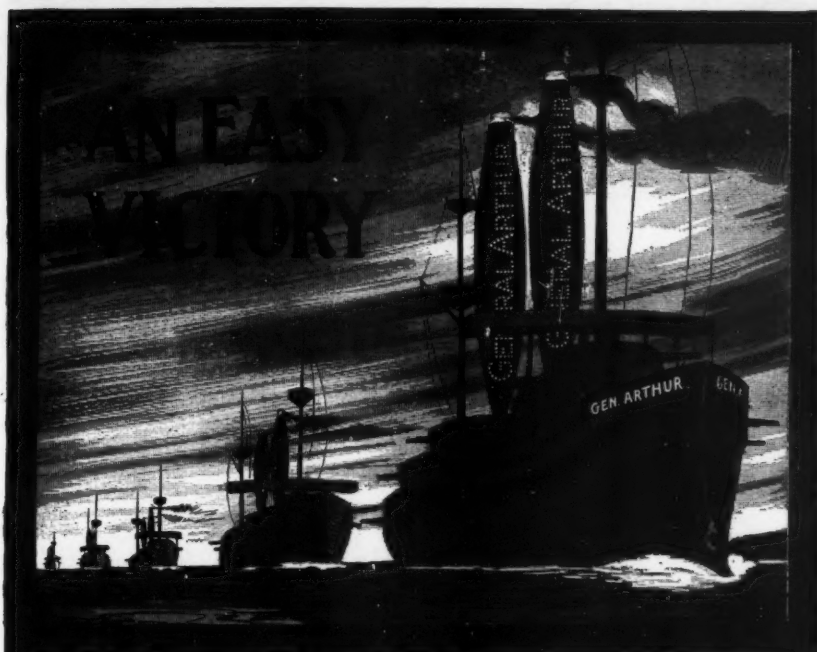
THE Keeley Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.
Cure

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES.** Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. BUFFALO, N. Y. LEXINGTON, MASS. PROVIDENCE, R. I. WEST HAVEN, CONN.

THE horseless sleigh-ride is not in sight. —Washington Post.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.60 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,



The ease with which our warships, in the late war with Spain, demonstrated their efficiency and their superiority astonished the entire world and proved that in this, as in all other directions, the United States is the natural leader.

America leads in the industry of cigar making and chief among its good cigars is the famous

General Arthur Cigar.

This cigar has attained its present high position solely on its merits, and those merits are due to a determination to excel, the employment of large capital, high class workmanship, and every other means and methods through which cigar perfection can be reached.

It thoroughly satisfies the most critical smoker but it is a mild and harmless smoke which can be indulged in without fear of ill after-effects.

Proper regard for your health ought to be sufficient to induce you to stop smoking heavy, imported cigars, which are well known to be injurious.

The General Arthur is just the cigar you ought to smoke and just the cigar you will like to smoke.

If you do not find it at your dealer's send us \$1.00 and we will forward—prepaid, a dozen General Arthurs packed in a tin box.

Send a 2-cent stamp for a new and novel little folder.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER,

1018 Second Avenue, New York City.

OCCASIONALLY a man is heard to admit that other children are brighter than his own; but, unless his wife is a worm, he never makes the statement a second time.—*Itchison Globe*.

OUR GREAT LAKES AND OUR MOUNTAINS.

Are all shown in marvelous detail in the "Round the World" folder just issued by the New York Central Lines. Including a map of the United States, Alaska and our islands in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid, on receipt of three cents in stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

THE SILVER BOTTLE AND THE FOLDING BED.



PUNGENT ODOR filled the club room as the Major took from his pocket a small silver mounted bottle and precipitated from it a few drops into his cocktail.

"I have often wondered," said the Young Person at his right, as he lighted another cigarette, "why, Major, you always do that, and what it is."

"And I," said the Major, reflectively, after a preliminary sip, "have often wondered why it is that the average man who sleeps in the ordinary folding bed has n't learned by this time to sleep with his head to its foot. Then, if the thing unexpectedly rears up, as it often does, he will be in an upright position, and perfectly safe."

There was a long, inquisitive silence.

"I know," said the Older Person on the Major's left, at last, "that there must be some connection between the two things, or the Major's logical mind would n't have brought them together, but I must say I fail to see what it is."

"It is not surprising," said the Major, slowly, as two members from the next table had their brandy and sodas brought over, and the crowd closed up, "that you should fail to see the relevancy between this little bottle and a folding bed, but that it exists there can be no question. When I went prospecting out in Colorado, back in '49 and '50, my partner and I were troubled with grizzly bears. We usually slept where we found ourselves, and on the ground, too, but the grizzlies were so thick, and we had so many narrow escapes, that we were finally obliged to go to bed at night in the crevices of rocks—where the bears could n't enter. They used to wake us up a good deal, scratching and pawing around, but we were reasonably safe. My resting place was n't always as comfortable as it might be, however, so the first time I was in 'Frisco I had a folding bed, made of steel, that went on wheels. In fact, I used it as a foundation for my prospecting wagon. At night I would simply pull it down, get in with my head to the foot, roll myself up in my blanket and go to sleep. All I had to do, when a grizzly bear came sniffing around, was to press a button and the bed flew up, leaving me in an upright position. Then, by turning a crank, I could stretch it out far enough to get a good bead on the bear."

"This scheme worked admirably, and I got so I could by instinct touch the button at the right time. But one night I was unusually tired, and slept so hard that a bear not only got up to the bed but jumped upon it with his fore paws, and was just about to turn me over, when I was awakened by the sound of my would-be bed fellow licking his chops. There was but one thing to do, and I did it quick. I touched the button, the bed flew up, and surprised the bear so that before he could move, his head was caught. The edges of the bed gripped him fast in the neck. I could feel his hot breath on my face, and it was n't altogether pleasant. My gun had fallen down to the bottom and I could n't have used it anyway. The bear struggled, but could n't get away. I stood upright and thought. I was somewhat of a naturalist in those days, besides my gold fever, and I suddenly remembered that in one of my pockets there was a vial of chloroform. In a jiffy I had it out and began dosing his bearship with it. It took a long time, gentlemen, but at last he succumbed. I turned the crank, he flopped to the ground, and I soon had him firmly secured. After that it was an easy matter to capture live grizzlies. I got one almost every night—sometimes two—and shipped them on East at a handsome profit."

The Young Person on the Major's right stirred uneasily.

"How about the little bottle?" he inquired.

"The little bottle," said the Major, "contains nothing, of course, but chloroform. Being in such close proximity to the bears, and constantly administering such large doses, I became somewhat addicted to its use, and to this day always take a few drops in my cocktail."

Tom Masson.



WELL INFORMED.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARTZMAN

CASSIDY.—Casey says he knows all about the war in Africa!

COSTIGAN.—Yis; he's been shooting off his mouth ivir since he found out phat "Qom" means!

DID N'T KNOW.

STRANGER.—I want to find a dive; one of the illegal ones. Where shall I go?

POLICEMAN.—I don't know. Ask somebody else.

"Whom?"

"Oh! almost anybody who is n't a policeman."—*New York Weekly.*

THE GOLD-BRICK TALE.

Same old story, same old finis,—
Bought mining-stock—mine, miner,
minus.—*Elliott's Magazine.*

For Home Use

order a trial case of that
superior American product

GREAT WESTERN Champagne

It stands without an equal
as a tonic for the convalescent
or a refreshing beverage for
the well. Recommended by
physicians for its purity and
healthfulness, and by connois-
seurs for its exquisite bouquet.
The equal of imported, at much
less cost.

Sold universally in best
Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.
Used in best homes.



PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by Respectable Wine Dealers Everywhere.

—WISDOM—

W. W. W.
(THREE W'S)
Pure Rye
IF YOU ARE
WISE, BE CAREFUL
WHERE WHEN WHAT
YOU DRINK.
Whiskey.

ANGELO MYERS

THE DISTILLER PHILADELPHIA

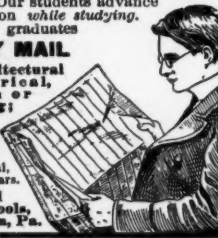
A Way to Change Your Work

Prepare for a better position without neglecting
your present work. Our students advance
in salary and position while studying.
150,000 students and graduates

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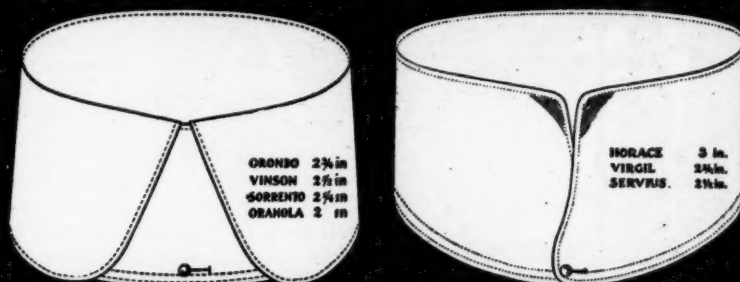
ONLY ONE CAUSE LIKELY.

MRS. GREATMAN (wife of a Con-
gressman).—What is the matter with
my husband, doctor?

DOCTOR.—Brain strain.

MRS. GREATMAN.—Dear me! He
must have been drinking again and try-
ing not to show it.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

H&I COLLARS: 2 FOR 25c



COLLAR COMFORT.

H. & I. collars are collars of comfort.
They are the result of many years of experience in the making of satisfactory collars.
They not only fit well but they are always right up-to-date in style and are strong,
heavy and durable.
They represent the most collar value that it is possible to buy for the price.
The two shown here are our latest and most popular Spring styles—one for morn-
ing and one for evening wear.
If your dealer does not sell H. & I. collars send us 25 cents, giving the size, style
and height you wish, and we will send you two satisfactory collars.
Ask for our free "Style Book for Men."

HOLMES & IDE, Department P., Troy, N. Y.

ON the other hand, those persons who object to being called "traitors"
should not be reckless with the word "murderer."—*Washington Post.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY-WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax
our brands would cost double the money. Send for Booklet and Particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



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WHY HE REPINED.

VISITOR—I understand your sentence expires to-morrow;—why are you so
dejected?

PRISONER.—Alas! Lady, de weather report says "rain" for to-morrer, and I
have no umbrella!

The Benedict Little Cigar

10 FOR 10 CENTS. BENEDICT & CO. DAYTON, OHIO.

REALISM IN ART.

He could paint so true to life, they said,
That oftentimes he'd portray
A spider on a man's bald head
That would scare the flies away.

—*Elliott's Magazine.*

"FAINT HEART," ETC.

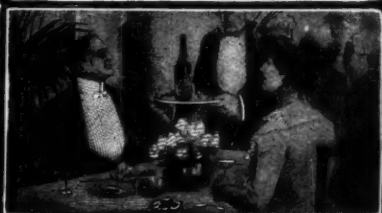
BRIGGS.—What is the use of propos-
ing to that girl when I know she does
n't love me?

GRIGGS.—Try it, old man! She
did n't love me when she accepted me.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHE.—A good diamond will cut
glass, you know.

HE.—Yes; and if there is a girl
around it will cut considerable ice.—
Yonkers Statesman.

The Water of the Discriminating Epicure



White Rock OZONATE LITHIA WATER

The epicure calls for White Rock
because it is clear, bright, mellow
and refreshing; because it has the
vim and life of charged water with-
out the bite and sting; because it
keeps the intellect clear and the
appetite keen.

Four pints of White Rock will be sent any-
where in the United States, prepaid, upon re-
ceipt of \$1. After drinking four pints you will
buy it regularly of your dealer. Booklet FREE.

White Rock Mineral Spring Company,
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A vigorous demand on the part of
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RED TOP RYE

is the best of evidence of its in-
trinsic merit.

What we are selling now was
distilled ten years ago. What we
are storing now will not be put on
the market until ten years hence.

RED TOP RYE is distilled from
selected grain, aged in wood,
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dealers G. W. Hoffman Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

GET over your little annoyances by
recalling how trivial they would seem to
a man away off in Japan.—*Atchison
Globe.*



SPRING JINGLES.

SPRING has come! Spring
has come!
Shall I tell you why?
Hark!
The skipping rope 's here
And the sassafras bark.

The brown buckwheat is
out of date,
The oyster is *non est*;
The rhubarb pie has come
to town,

Spring gives ice-cream a zest.

Pack up the furs in mothballs,
Let furnace fires die out;
The blazer suit 's abloom again,
The sailor hat 's about.

Spring violets are blooming, love;
Where, ask you, do they grow?
Why, at My Lady's throat and waist,
And in her new chapeau.

Now that the coal bill 's shelved a while,
It ought to lighten trouble;
But Pater's brow is gloomy still,
The bill for ice is double.

AS PLAIN AS A-B-C.

MR. DE-GUFFY.—I suppose, Miss Myrtilla, that no mere man can ever fathom a woman's meditations about her Easter hat?

MISS MYRTILLA.—Oh! yes, he can, Mr. De-Guffy. If the woman is under thirty, the first requisite in a hat is beauty; if she is over thirty, the first requisite is its becomingness!

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN SOLILO-QUIZES.

"Ready to quit! Who, me? Say, they don't know me. Why, I'm just laying in a bin full of second wind. Quit! Me quit? Oh, say! get thee to a quitting, and don't bother foxy Joe. Why, me boy, I'm only getting ready to get things in readiness. I have n't made a real start yet. Bluffer! Me a bluffer? That's too good. Do you call more troops, and more transports, and more guns, and more lyddite, and more stretchers, bluffing? If you do, that 's the kind of bluffer I am. Did you fawncy I'd lie down and let the opposition make a doormat of me? No, sir! I'm a Briton, I am. As the late J. P. Jones remarked upon a memorable occasion—not especially dear to British minds, however—I'm just beginning to fight. Watch me, boy; watch me!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

A RURAL IGNORAMUS.

PRETTY GIRL (at *Summer hotel*).—Who is that handsome stranger at the next table?

FAVORITE WAITER.—I don't know, Miss; some country gawk, I s'pose. He don't know nothin' 'bout fash'n'ble life.

"Indeed! Why do you think so?"
"He 's sittin' there starvin' instead of feecin' a waiter an' gettin' somethin' to eat."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

HE (from *New York*).—The only homes I ever want are in New York and Heaven.

SHE (of *Boston*).—Well, make the most of New York. —*Harvard Lampoon*.

BILL.—I see Bryan is looking for a running mate.

JILL.—Well, what 's the matter with Aguinaldo?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

In the Springtime

of life, when the cost is less,
while you are in good health
and are able to pay the pre-
miums, you should prepare
for the winter of old age by
securing a policy of Life In-
surance in

The Prudential

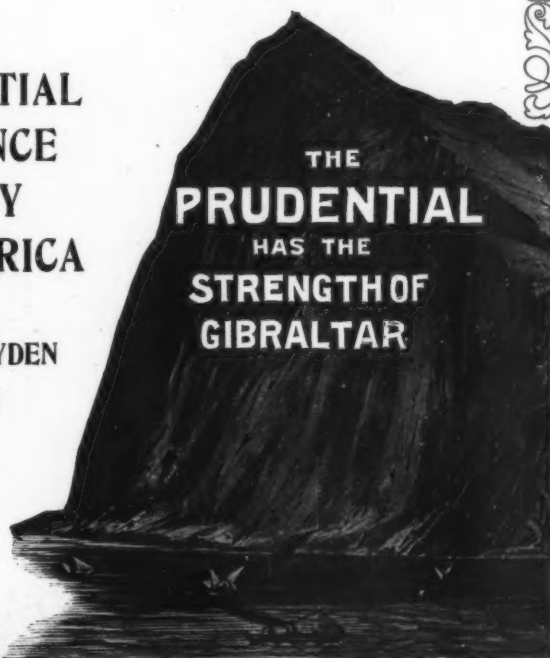
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IT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING.

Life is a sentence writ upon a scroll;
Large in the eye of man, but small
indeed
Gauged by the stronger vision and
the creed
Of those to whom all human deeps are
shoal.
Futile the flushed endeavor to control
The destined end of every earthly
need.
Born of the sensate prototype of
greed;
The ghosts of things alone attain the
goal.

So when the ripe years fall at autumn-
tide,
Begetting but an aftermath of tears,
Let there be no rejoicing as a bride
Girt with the promised amplitude of
years—

What's that? No more do I know
what I mean.

This is a sonnet for a magazine!—
Catholic Standard and Times.

THE DISOBEDIENT HUSBAND.

MRS. RURAL (*angrily*).—You prom-
ised me when you went up to the city
last Winter that you would n't go near
Cousin Maggie's.

MR. RURAL.—Y-e-s, my dear.

"But you did."

"I—I only took one meal there, my
dear."

"I knew it;—I knew you had taken
a meal there or something. Murder
will out."

"What happened, my dear?"

"She writes that she is coming here
with her six children to stay all Sum-
mer."—*New York Weekly*.

NOT THE SAME.

NODD.—After a man has been mar-
ried a few years things look different.

TODD.—Don't they? My bank ac-
count has wholly changed. —*Detroit
Free Press*.

SOME way, it always looks funny to
see two men sit down to the piano and
play a duet.—*Atchison Globe*.



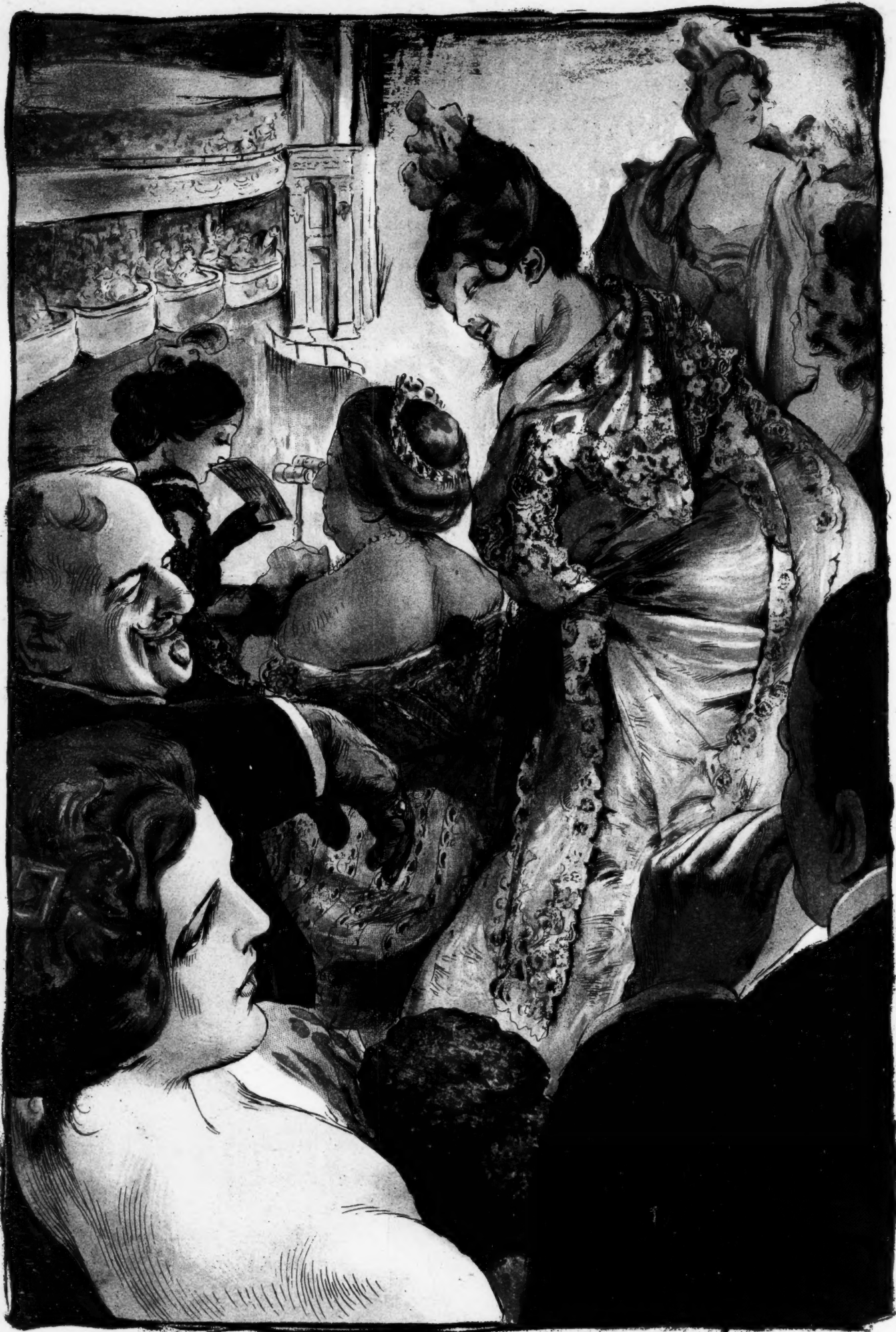
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ECSTATIC.

MAY.—Has Laura said anything
yet to you about her engagement?

MAUD.—Said anything? Why, she
positively sang it!

PUCK.



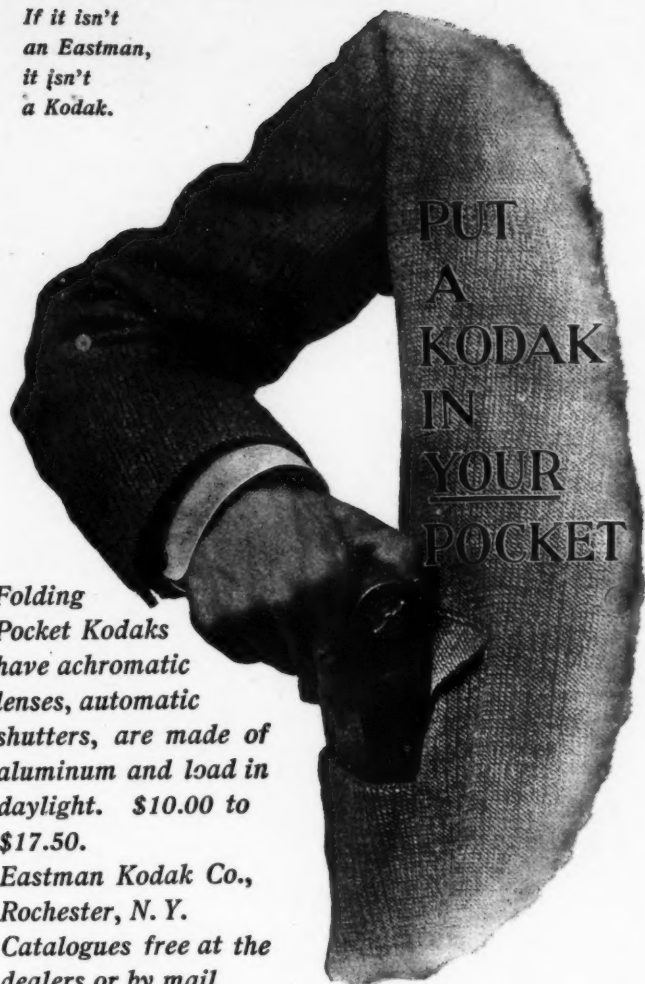
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GRAND OPERA.

FIRST PHILISTINE.— Why so much of this recitative? Why don't they speak their lines?

SECOND PHILISTINE.— I understand that grand opera artists are never on speaking terms with each other.

If it isn't
an Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.



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Pocket Kodaks
have achromatic
lenses, automatic
shutters, are made of
aluminum and load in
daylight. \$10.00 to
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Now Bobby's
like Papa
in the NEW



"LION
BRAND"

SHIRTS
for little
fellows



THE SHIRT-WAISTED BOY

Looks with envy on his

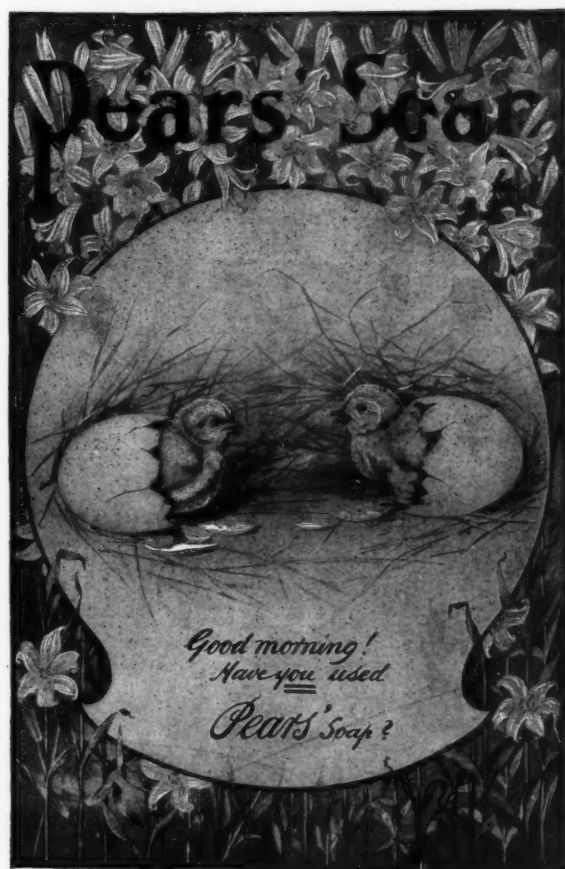
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clad playmate. These shirts, a new idea in child clothing, give a dressy effect that mothers have long sought, without the "dressed-up" feeling, at which the little fellows rebel—and the use of suspenders permits a freedom of motion they need. Made in white percale, white embroidered, and white hemstitch bosoms. Sizes 5 to 12 years, with straight standing, tip point standing, and high band fold collars to fit.

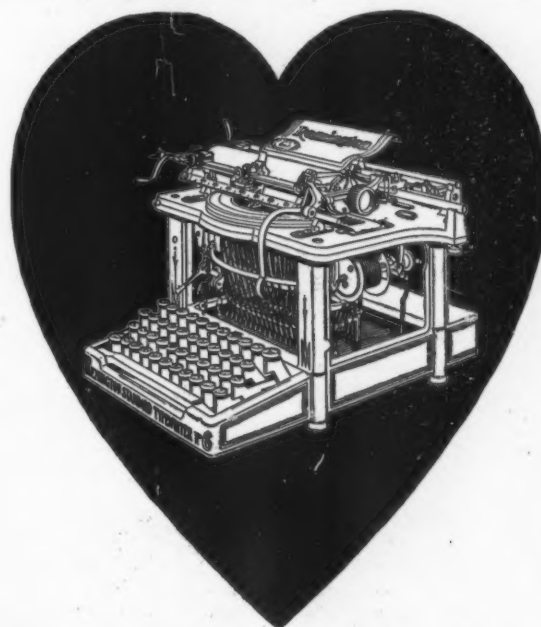
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